

## HOW MILLIONAIRE JOE FELS HELPED CHICAGO GIRL ALONG THE ROAD TO FAME

Here's what we call a cracker-jack story about Joe Fels, that little, round, bald-headed millionaire who goes rushing about the world talking about single tax and giving away profits on soap-making where it will do the most good. The story is from the New York World:

Paris—On a recent eastward trip the steamer George Washington carried a red-cheeked, blue-eyed girl violinist of sixteen. She went to Berlin to complete her musical education, the money therefor (\$750) being contributed by the first cabin passengers. Among the donors were Mrs. A. G. Vanderbilt, Mr. and Mrs. William Guggenheim and Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Ullman of New York City, and Joseph Fels, the single taxer, of Philadelphia.

Miss Amy Emerson Neill of No. 1550 East Sixty-fifth street, Chicago, is the fortunate young woman.

When the concert committee in charge of the usual entertainment to help swell the Widows and Orphans' Fund of the North German Lloyd went scouring for talent there was the usual scarcity of willing artists in the de luxe section of the ship. Some had bad colds, and others could not possibly think of such a thing. Little Miss Neill was discovered by the committee in the cheaper part of the boat, traveling modestly to Europe, occupying a stuffy upper berth over an aged woman friend of her family, who was acting as her guardian. She accepted with delight the invitation to play at the concert, being put on the program with the talented English artist, Maggie Teyte, who sang three numbers.

People who have never been inside of the Metropolitan Opera House, and who look upon Carnegie Hall with scorn in New York City are in the early rush for seats at a ship's concert, so hungry are they for en-

tertainment. This particular concert, on the night of February 27, had a business audience, largely men and women going over for laces, millinery, and other foreign products.

Yet the child violinist from the second cabin had no difficulty in tying knots in the hearts of her hearers. There was the customary craning of necks when Amy braced herself to the swaying of the ship and began to drop her clear notes from a firmly drawn bow. Her hands were calloused and red, showing recent participation in housework, but the rich tones she drew from her violin were soothing to the most delicate and refined ears. As her blonde hair, tied in white ribbons, fell around her face, alive with the rapture of the music, the girl was a picture. Her technique was splendid. Not scratchy tones, but full round ones. She played Brahms, Liszt and Fritz Kreisler with equal skill.

A curious-looking little man with a short beard and a bald head had been bobbing in and out of the partitioned portion of the lounge—the large living room of the ship—from whence the artists came. He was Mr. Fels. Just as the passengers were about to disperse Mr. Fels announced:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I have made a discovery. The child who has played so beautifully before us is one of a large family. Her mother is a widow. She has a noble brother who is sending her abroad for study. He bought her violin—paid \$350 for it. He is a poor clerk in a Chicago commission house. To do so much for his sister he borrowed the money and gave his notes. She tells me that she has heard a number of great violinists play—Mischa Elman, Kugelblum and Zimbalist. So, good people, I propose that we help this little girl along the road to success, and what-